Emma Eames Is Glad to Get Away from New York Noises and the Critics

By Sylvester Rawling.

"WHEN I said 'Good-by' from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera-House last Monday night I meant it," declared Mme. Emma Eames yesterday afternoon. "It was no sudden determination. I never take a step without due deliberation. I resolved upon it a year ago."

"But why?" asked the writer.

We were chatting in the prima donna's apartment in the Hotel Astor. The sunlight poured in from a southern window and she had only just moved out of its glare, a picture of handsome, healthy womanhood, when she made the startling reply:

"Because I am not a well woman."

"You look incredulous," she continued, "but I am speaking the truth. I want rest, and air, and unobscured vision. This New York of ours is full of noises. The towering buildings shut me in and cramp my faculties. The streets are made uncomfortable by the hot air which pours from the tremendously over-heated houses. Everybody is in a hurry, and seems to care only for the present moment, without a thought of the morrow and the days that are to come. These things upset my nerves. I must have time and place and quiet in which to think, and opportunity for introspection and retrospection.

Never Excused Her.

"Some years ago, you may remember, I retired from Mr. Grau's company for a time. People would not believe it then; but I was ill, very ill, I assure you. I have worked hard all my lifetime, and I have had my share of trouble and unhappiness and poor health. As I said at my farewell, the New York public has been very good to me, but it has been most exacting of me. For others there might be excuses, but for me there has been none. I have always been compelled to give of my best, and I have given of my best, willingly and gratefully. But the process is exhausting. There comes a time when one must pause to reflect—to take stock of one's self, as it were. The proper view of life, the only real knowledge of one's self, comes from within, not from without. If one's faculties are not being used to the best advantage, if one's environment is not conducive to development, it rests with one's self to change the conditions and to apply one's energies in another and better direction.

Doesn't Read Criticisms.

"That is the reason why I do not read what you critics say of my work. You smile, but it is true. I do not lie. Lying would upset the whole philosophical plan upon which my life is governed. When I first appeared at the Paris opera I read everything that was written about me. I watched eagerly for each and every individual expression of opinion. It was necessary to find out whether the public recognized the talents which I was sure I possessed. That accomplished to my satisfaction, I made my resolve to refrain evermore from reading what anybody said about me and to persevere along my chosen path, developing the gifts which God had given me under the guidance alone of my inner consciousness. I do not mean that I scorned advice as to the best means of voice production or neglected any friendly suggestion from experts. From dear Victor Maurel, when we were singing together in the Grau company, I think I received more valuable assistance than from anybody else, but I have not allowed and I will not allow my purpose to be diverted, or my equanimity to be disturbed by what writers for the public press may choose to say of my individual performances, whether their words be in praise or dispraise of me.

What Do Critics Know?

"What do you critics know about the [illegible]er way to sing?" she asked, as she [illegible] up, her eyes suddenly flashing. "I [illegible] more of the art of singing than [illegible] whole lot of you. Haven't I given [illegible] life to the study and practice of it?" [illegible]er little spat of indignant protest [illegible]d away almost as soon as it was [illegible]n, and she sat down again with a [illegible]ry laugh.

"Most of you mean well, I dare say," [illegible] continued, "and those of you whom [illegible] point, nevertheless, is a sound one. We singers think and think and study and study and practise and practise unceasingly, and then you gentlemen who sit quietly out in front write for your papers and patronize us with kind words or condemn us with sneers. My plan to ignore you is a proper one for a sincere artist to pursue, I am sure.

Thought Waves.

"I am going away for an opportunity to think. Don't you know that it is only in our self-communings that what we call inspirations seize upon us? Whence come they? From God, perhaps. But they take hold of us in some mysterious way, don't they? Thought waves travel further than anything else, I think. Perhaps you saw my Iris? Well, in that part I concentrated all my thought upon the character of the little Japanese girl that I was impersonating. I permitted nothing to interfere with that and my thought communicated itself to my audience and they understood."

Always Plans Ahead.

Pressed further as to whether, after a rest, we might not hope to hear her again in opera, Mme. Eames would only say:

"At present I have no intention of returning at any time. I am to give a recital at Carnegie Hall next Friday afternoon, and then I shall go on a concert tour. My plans for next year, which will include my appearance in concerts only, will be decided in a day or two. You see, I am a New England woman. I inherit the proverbial love of order of my people, so I always plan ahead."

Advice to Our Girls.

At one point of our conversation there was an interruption caused by the calling of a mutual friend, who wanted to know if Mme. Eames had heard a certain young woman sing a leading part. She was anxious to go on the grand opera stage and had craved Mme. Eames's opinion of her ability:

"Yes," said the prima donna. "I think she is a sweet girl, with a good presence, a voice of excellent quality and no vocal vices. But she should not go abroad yet. Let her study under some good teacher here and take his advice. Too many American girls go abroad before they have found themselves. Then they fall into the hands of poor ~~teachers and lose~~ what voices and art, if any, they ever had. They should thoroughly try themselves out at home before going abroad."

Old Religious Papers.

THE Herald of Gospel Liberty, Portsmouth, N. H., the oldest religious paper in the United States, will celebrate its one hundredth birthday on Sept. 15. The next oldest papers are the Christian Observer, 1813; the Boston eRcorder, 1816; the Watchman, 1819; the New York Observer, 1823; The Christian Advoctae, 1826; the Christian Intelligencer, 1830, and the Luth[illegible]

A New Series by the Author of the "Sayings of Mrs. Solomon" and "Reflections of a Bachelor Girl."

The Love Letters of a Cynic

By Helen Rowland.


HELEN ROWLAND

NO. 1.

Jack Says She Did It, but She Insists That Jack Did All the Love-Making.

MY Dear Jack—Your letter came like a cold shock this morning. It was quite revivifying! Adam never showed more ingenuity in laying all the sins of the world on Eve than you have displayed in transferring all your little pet misdemeanors to my shoulders.

You accuse me first of having "let" you make love to me. Of course! The woman is always to blame. She should wear a football mask if she doesn't wish to be kissed and blacken her teeth if she doesn't want to be a "temptation," and call in the minions of the law when she sees an attack of sentimentality coming over a man. Mere indifference and indignation and discouragement are nothing but "lures," which she employs to incite him. Refusing to kiss him is like putting the jam where the small boy can reach it and ordering him not to touch it. Keep the jam locked out of sight—or it's your fault if he steals it.

And yet having "let" you slip out of the straight and narrow path and zig-zag all over the downward one, you blame me for being "sorry" about it and writing you a regretful letter an hour after the tragedy—and the kiss. You can't see why I "allowed" you to make love to me if I knew I should "wish I never had."

Go to, my dear boy! Didn't you declare that it required one cocktail and a highball to help you swallow that letter and two more highballs to help you forget it? And yet, when you drank all those horrid fizzy things, didn't you know that you would feel "sorry" next morning and "wish you never had?" It's the same principle, exactly. Only a man's patience always takes the form of a pain in the head, while a woman's results in a pain in the heart, or the vanity, or the conscience. But kisses or cocktails, it's that dreadful "next morning" feeling with both of us, isn't it?

I am sorry my letter affected you "like ice water on the heart." And I DO agree with you that a man's love "needs a stimulus." In these days the love germ is so weak that nothing but constant stimulation will keep it alive. It requires all the energies of all the shopkeepers to make women s mulatingly beautiful and all the time a woman can give to keep herself stimulatingly clever and stimulatingly groomed and stimulatingly joyous and stimulatingly mysterious. And yet the very best stimulant in all the world for ANY man's love is plain, undiluted ice water.

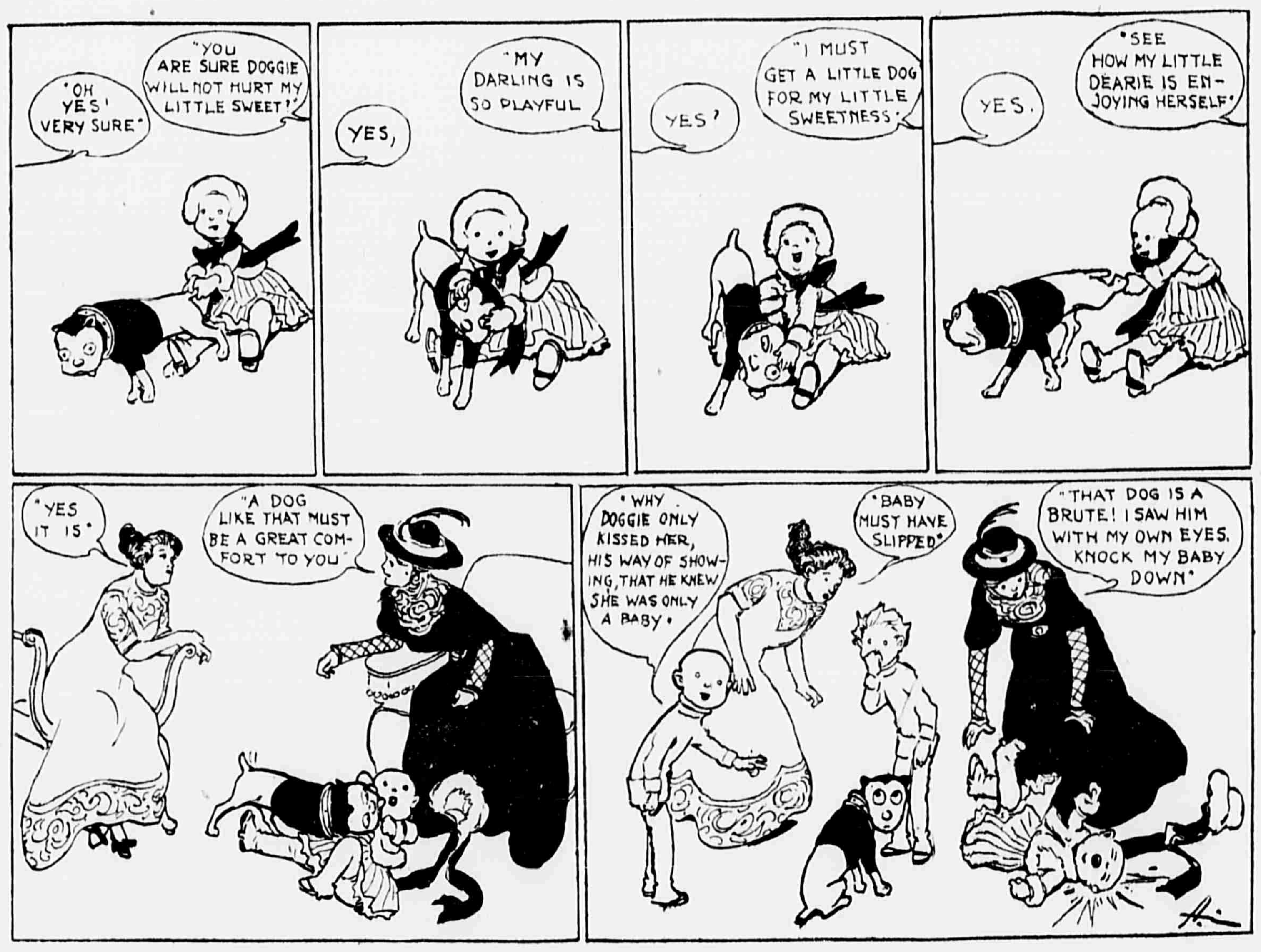
There is nothing like refrigerating a grand passion for keeping it fresh and beautiful. You can't freeze out the fire of love, but you can extinguish it in half a minute with a good heavy blanket of reciprocation. So, after all, my poor little letter should have been as good as a dose of bromo-seltzer for your emotions.

I hate to break our engagement for the opera on Friday night, but I'm afraid to keep it! SUPPOSE th... under the stimulating influence of Lohengrin you should have another attack of mental aberration and want to make love to me again. And SUPPOSE that I should be weak enough to "let" you, I would have no possible way to keep you from saying foolish things and even kissing me!

My dear Jack, since I seem to be responsible for your hope of heaven, I am going to do my DUTY and keep you as far away as possible from all "temptations" like ME.

The Jollys' Bull Pup

By H. Coultaus



Coupling Tobacco and Alcohol

SMOKING has been under discussion in the Anglican Church Synod at Bendigo. One member wanted the temperance pledge extended so as to ban tobacco as well as alcohol. Canon Brydges warned the proposer that he would have the whole female population up in arms against him. Every wife knew that the pipe was her husband's best friend. It kept him at home and away from the hotel. Opposition to smoking was frequently a case of sour grapes. Either the objector had not the physique of a smoker or the necessary genial temperament. He was sometimes a person who had tried to smoke, but with only partial success.—London Chronicle.

Where the Words Come From.

WHILE "milliner" is generally considered to have been derived from "Milan," milliners having at an early day brought their gay ribbons to England from that city, it is asserted that there is ground for the opinion that "mantua," a woman's gown, is derived from the name of the Italian city of Mantua. It is considered more probable that it is a corruption of "manteau," the French for cloak.

"Paean" or "pean" at first denoted a hymn to a help-giving god, "Paean" having been a title of Apollo. By extension it may mean any song of triumph or even a song merely loud and joyous.

JUST WOMAN

With Some Remarks on Modesty and a Few on the Way She Loves

By Teresa Dean.

AN amusing thing always to a woman is the man's version of coldness in women. A man will say of a certain woman: "She would be a great success if she were not so cold." Another man will say: "My life has not been very happy; my wife is a very cold woman." Women are amused at these assertions because the man is so unconsciously confessing that his wife does not love him.

A woman is never cold to the man she truly loves. This fact is or should be a man's test of her honesty when she asserts that she loves him.

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Nature takes care of a woman's love. It is the one thing with which she cannot play a game. No amount of words or declaration can bring the color to the cheek and the lustre to the eye. Love must be felt to have the face light up. By no process can she act a love that is not felt in the heart—if only men were more observing and understood women better!

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No man should be deceived about the love of a woman. It takes close companionship—generally marriage—to be able to certify love as genuine. With the real thing controlling a woman there is no sacrifice she will not make for a man—husband. He is as much her master as if she were a slave in chains. No poverty, no trouble can change this love. Love cannot reason, cannot be beaten down. It is as much a part of the woman as is the heart beat that keeps life going. Unfortunately there are not many men who understand women well enough to ignite this part of their nature. Much passes for love that is only selfish interest.

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ARE women unconscious or immodest? Surely it is one or the other. If it is the latter there has come a time, or a tangle, when modesty is the least of their worries. The tangle is the Directoire gown. To lift it for walking or for dancing is so difficult that many a woman's reputation for either unconsciousness or for modesty is getting under a cloud. If the woman is very pretty and her foot and ankle are dressed with exquisite care then is she instantly condemned as being perfectly conscious and proportionately immodest—the latter gauged by the height of the gown. If tatters are displayed—a shabby shoe or a soiled slipper or stitch that is broken and apparently running the length of the silken hose—then possibly she may retain the virtue of a careless modesty.

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The slinky, clinging Directoire gown is not easy to hold free from the dance step and if censors are going to be placed on the warpath for so-called indecent shows the Charity Ball and other dances being given in this social season, with the present fashions, might be taken up as a war cry.

Can This Be True?

The Cat-Store Man Told It, But the Meek Man Got in One.

By Robert Rudd Whiting.

"ANYTHING I can do for you?" the cat store proprietor asked a meek little man who was exchanging glances with the Persian cat in the cage by the window.

"Persian cats are very delicate, aren't they? Have to be pretty careful what they eat, don't you? Now, my wife had a bob-tailed cat that"——

"Why, no. Persians ain't delicate at all. Of course"——

"My wife had a bob-tailed cat that she was awfully fond of. And it was sort of my fault in a way, so I thought I'd get her another. But I don't want a delicate cat.

"You see, it was this way: I brought the children home one of those mechanical mice, and while we had it running around the floor my wife's cat, mistaking it for a real mouse, pounced upon it and gulped it down.

"She must have been a very delicate cat, because she couldn't seem to digest it, and the mechanical mouse kept running around and around in circles, and of course the cat, being outside of it, had to keep running around and around in circles, too. It must be very trying to have to run around in circles right after a hearty meal."

"Very sad," sympathized the storekeeper. "And it must make it so much worse not being able to tell just when the poor thing passed away. That mechanical mouse may have kept her going quite a long time after the end had really come."

"Oh, she didn't die. 'Twas worse than death," continued the little man mournfully. "You see, after the mechanical mouse had run down, the poor cat felt pretty much run down herself, and she went out on the window sill to rest in the sun.

"Say, you know how those mechanical toys are; you think they're all run down, and then, just as you go to pick 'em up, they start off again and go a little further. Well, while my poor wife's cat was dozing there on the window sill that mouse must have given a final little jump or something, and—well, spring always goeth before the fall, you know. Down, down, down—six stories— to the hard stone pavement below, where she—(sob)—she ran away."

"Oh, that's all right, then. Persian cats aren't delicate, but you have to be very careful about their getting proud. Now, I had the twin brother to this one you've been looking at down at the house. Pride caused his downfall.

"Every time the cuckoo clock struck he'd arch his back up and spit and yowl at the cuckoo. When it went back in again he'd think he'd scared it, and would strut around the house all puffed up with pride until the next time the clock struck.

"His arrogance finally got so unbearable that I let the clock run down. But that only made him worse than ever. He thought he'd scared that fool cuckoo so it was afraid even to stick its head out. He got so blooming chesty about it that he strutted out into the street and made an insulting face at the neighbor's bulldog. The last we heard of him he was travelling incog., disguised as a dog biscuit."

"And you say it was this cat here that all that happened to?" inquired the meek man, pointing to the Persian, luxuriously stretching itself in the cage before him.

"Say," exploded the cat store man disgustedly, "if this cat here had got eaten up by a bulldog how in thunder could he be here now?"

"That's just what I was wondering," said the little man, meekly, as he started for the door.

Augustus Thomas's Great Play, "The Witching Hour," Turned by the Playwright Into a Great Serial Story

(Copyright, 1908, by Augustus Thomas.)

The Witching Hour

By Augustus Thomas.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jack Brookfield, a Louisville, Ky., gambler, gives a box party at the opera. His guests are his sister, Mrs. Campbell, his niece, Viola, his former sweetheart, Mrs. Whipple and her son Clay (who loves Viola) and Frank Hardmuth, a local lawyer. Hardmuth proposes to Viola and is snubbed. Brookfield becomes aware of a subtle power he possesses whereby he can influence the gaze of others. He sees and is strangely interested in Justice Prentice, who is a transient visitor in Louisville. A supper at Brookfield's house follows the opera. There Denning, a rich spendthrift, comes to the house for a game of poker. Brookfield explains that women guests are present and there can be no gambling. The ladies, left together, talk of a peculiar, semi-hypnotic power Brookfield formerly exercised and which he had ceased to use because his friends made fun of it.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

A Strange Power.

MRS. CAMPBELL continued: "The papers joked about his magnetic touch. It seems that the word 'touch' is also used offensively, so Jack dropped the whole business."

"And Viola inherits this magnetic power?" said Helen.

"If one can inherit power from an uncle," Mrs. Campbell answered. On these matters of genealogy she was particularly lucid. Besides, Kentucky had given more than proportionate attention to the intricate questions of breeding.

"Let us say—from a family," enlarged Helen.

"That is even more generous," Mrs. Campbell answered, more wisely than she knew. "But Viola is like her uncle Jack in every way that a girl may resemble a man—horses and boats and every kind of personal risk."

"I'm proud of it," Viola boasted, parenthetically.

"And Jack spoils her."

"Am I spoiled?" Viola appealed to Mrs. Whipple.

Helen's smile was more comforting than the spoken word of most women.

"But I will say he couldn't love her more if he were her own father," Alice added.

Helen found this report of the paternal quality in Jack strangely grateful. She pressed against her cheek the hand that Viola had given her. That Jack loved the girl in such degree doubled the growing affection for her which Clay's interest and the girl's own attractiveness had planted in Helen's heart, so sensitively maternal.

Despite the fact that Viola in every feature was noticeably unlike her uncle, there was, nevertheless, in the general relation of the features that evanescent something which we call family resemblance. Under the smooth contour of her decidedly classical face there was manifestly the same modelling that underlay Jack's grim mask.

The family trick of level glance which was domination in the uncle was simple sincerity in the girl. The vibrant arch of nostril and the fulness of the lip, so dangerously suggestive of the sensual in the man, spelled only poetry and affection in the finer feminine face. Viola was typically and beautifully blond—not of the anaemic and bloodless type, but of that Olympian variety which Oliver Wendell Holmes describes as "shot through and through with amber light."

As Helen pressed the girl's hand she noticed in its palm a vital prehension eminently kindred to Jack's touch. Observing persons had frequently remarked that quality in Brookfield's hand. Independent of the grip of muscle, the palm itself seemed to have some moist and individual power of cohesion—a quality of friendliness and health and magnetism.

Helen was no student of character, but the feminine sense of intuition was hers in a marked degree, and it did not fail her now. She knew indubitably that the girl beside her was gifted with the rare capacity of abiding loyalty. She apprehended in some inexplicable way that the girl was to be for her an ally in her protective interest in Clay, who, seizing the first chance to quit the men in the other room, had just joined the ladies.

"Isn't this a jolly room, mother?" said the young architect, indicating by a sweep of his hand the hospitable walls of the library.

"Beautiful!"

"Sleeping apartments are what I take pride in, though," Clay continued, as he nodded upward; "a private bath to every bedroom, reading lamps just over the pillows, individual telephones to the kitchen."

"Haven't you seen the house, Mrs. Whipple?" Viola interrupted.

"Not above this floor."

"Would it interest you?" Mrs. Campbell asked, mildly, and then recollecting she added, apologetically, "Why, what a foolish question—as though anything your boy had done could fail to interest you!"

Mrs. Campbell crossed to the dining-room and called her brother. As Jack responded she turned to Helen, and in a manner that implied an opportunity for choice said, "Will I do as your guide?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Whipple.

"Well?" said Brookfield.

"I want to show Helen over the house," his sister explained.

"Very well, do it."

"The rooms are empty?"

"Empty? Of course," Jack replied, in mock resentment.

"Don't be too indignant, my dear brother; they are not always empty." And then as she turned to Helen she explained, "In Jack's house one is liable to find a belated pilgrim in any room."

Helen, conscious of the playfulness which the sister missed beneath Jack's look, ventured with contributing banter, "And a lady walking in unannounced would be something of a surprise, wouldn't she?"

"Well," answered Jack, in grave deliberation, "two ladies would certainly, and"——

"Jack!" interrupted Alice.

"My dear sister, they would," Brookfield protested, in injured innocence; and then, appealing to Helen, "Hard lines when the reputation of a man's house isn't respected by his own sister—huh!" He stormed back to the dining-room, leaving his sister in a haze of perturbation.

"The same Jack," said Helen, singularly unhorrified.

"The same," Alice assented, "only sometimes I think confirmed in his peculiarities."

Viola declined her mother's invitation to accompany them over the upper part of the house, and the two older ladies departed, leaving Clay [illegible]d her together.

CHAPTER IV.

A Proposal.

MRS. WHIPPLE'S anxiety concerning her boy was not without foundation. There were certain weaknesses in his character that justified her desire for sympathy and assistance in her necessarily waning care of him. She believed that his artistic temperament, and many of the weaknesses supposed to accompany such a temperament, he had inherited from herself. There was a noticeable strain of his father, however, which she detected in the boy's ready and almost fanatical advocacy of any hopeless cause that made its appeal to the humanities. He was emotional; unquestionably much of Clay's decorative talent could be attributed to this fact, but his greatest danger also lay there. All his life he had been subject to a kind of intellectual vertigo, at times approaching perilously to irresponsibility.

As a boy of ten he had leaped into the Schuylkill to save a playmate from drowning. Unable himself to swim a stroke, he had only doubled the task of the competent rescuers. At twelve, when an itinerant exhorter was calling the guilty to repentance, and bemoaning the fact that in all his audience of sinners none had the courage to lead the penitent to the altar, Clay had unhesitatingly accepted the call and been the first to the bench. At sixteen, after a baffling absence of four days, he was discovered in Tampa, whither he had fled with a regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers in an almost inflexible resolution to avenge the destruction of the Maine.

He was peculiarly amenable to suggestion to approval, to rebuke. These qualities, while they caused the boy uncountable suffering, also won for him many friends. The firm of distinguished architects with which Brookfield's invited influence had been able to place him was already finding his temperament a considerable asset in its professional relations with women clients. Clay had an almost feminine interest in the detail of decoration—he had an eye for form and color. That he should fall in love with the beautiful niece of Brookfield was an inevitable consequence of his association with her.

Left alone with Viola, Clay turned to her with characteristic impulsiveness and said:

"What was Frank Hardmuth saying to you?"

"When?" asked the girl, with that Fabian evasion which is the heritage of the sex.

"At supper and in the box at the theatre, too."

"Oh, Frank Hardmuth," she pouted, playfully; "nobody pays any attention to him."

"I thought you paid a good deal of attention to what he was saying."

"In the same theatre-party a girl's got to listen or leave the box."

"Some persons listen to the opera."

"I told him that was what I wanted to do."

"Was he making love to you, Viola?"

"I shouldn't call it that."

"Would anybody else have called it that if they had overheard it?" Clay persisted.

"I don't think so."

"Won't you tell me what it was about?"

Viola waited. There is something so personal in every declaration of love, implied or direct, complimentary or questionable, that a woman instinctively guards it, not necessarily as sacred, but with an inherent sentimental economy.

(To B[e] Continued.)